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A Prehistoric Town.

A dispatch to the New York Herald, under date of Chillicothe, O., says: Dr. M. C. Mills, curator of the State Archaeological society, has discovered a prehistoric village on the Gartner farm, a few miles south of this city. He has made excavations which disclose many valuable relics of the ancient people who wandered over the country ages ago.

The site is a little elevation near the Scioto river and commands a splendid view of the country. The place was undoubtedly chosen by the Indians with a view of fortifying themselves from attack.

Dr. Mills has opened forty-nine pits, some of which were used for storing food and some for burial.

In these were found charred corn and beans, which leads the archaeologist to infer that the mound builders knew something of agriculture, dispelling the popular theory that they subsisted entirely on fish and game. Bones of elk, deer, gray fox, coon and groundhog were found in profusion. Many of the bones had been skilfully fashioned into fish hooks and various charms. Broken pottery of varied designs, beautiful necklaces of delicately colored sea shells and polished heavier teeth, weaving instruments, including needles and small bobbins of stone, and many other implements were unearthed. Several skeletons and specimens of carved bones and pipes were also procured.

The Demand For "Change."

There is over \$100,000,000 in half dollars, quarters, dimes, nickels and cents in circulation, about \$80,000,000 in silver dollars, \$75,000,000 in one dollar bills and \$45,000,000 in two dollar bills. And still the cry is for change, change. In New York the street car companies instruct conductors to refuse anything larger than a \$2 bill for fare, owing to the impracticability of carrying enough change to break up the fives and tens that would be forced upon them. A majority of fares are paid in nickels, then come, in the order named—dimes, quarters, halves and pennies. There is an occasional dollar and now and then a \$2 bill. Women are responsible for most of the paper money that goes into the pockets of conductors.—Kansas City Journal.

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Adulation and Vituperation

"Judge," the pictorial paper, in a recent issue illustrates the extreme to which partisanship can go. The cartoon on the first page purports to be a lesson in palmistry, with democracy's hand under inspection. The two-page cartoon has "Farmer Roosevelt" making an exhibit at Uncle Sam's "fair." The editorial page is devoted to explanations of these cartoons, and the editorials are reproduced in The Commoner in order that the readers may contrast the adulation with the vituperation:

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"At the present time Uncle Sam is holding what may be called a national county fair. And he is having what may be loosely called an iridescent time, while his spirits bubble over with that boundless hilarity which is born of the fact that the national bin and larder are groaning with a rotundity that is at once large, fat and rosy. Farmer Roosevelt's exhibits have outclassed all others, and he has a sufficient number of first prizes to richly decorate the four sides of his old red barn. He is a strenuous farmer, and to this fact we attribute the dimensions of his pumpkin of prosperity, which is also an artistic triumph as regards dainty curves and color-scheme. In short, his potatoes of diplomacy and his beets of expansion are beauties to look upon, while his star-eyed, dimpled and polka-dotted pigs, performing the airy sarabands peculiar to victory, are kaleidoscopic joys pure and simple. Uncle Sam is justly proud of this champion disciple of the late H. Quintus Flaccus, esquire, and it is no wonder that our avuncular relative holds his hands up aghast when he looks upon the democratic exhibits, which, to put it mildly, not to say charitably, are about as fine an assortment of battered junk as was ever seen outside of a regulation bric-a-brac bazaar."

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"It is not likely that a palmist will ever be called to read the lines of the

pig-iron hand of the democracy, for the simple reason that this hand can be read even by people who do not know how to read. And it is mighty poor reading at that. Any one that reads between the lines of this hand must have anything but a lovely vision. It must be a vision that is woefully lacking as a conservator of spiritual refreshment. Such a vision is what might be called a burglar-tool-scape, with a background of moral carnage and corruption. When this hand closes on anything it never relinquishes its hold, unless the thing to which it clings suddenly loses its intrinsic value. Then the hand as suddenly loses its grip and does not offer a reward for the return of the same. It may be said in passing, and without any well-grounded fear of contradiction, that in the eagle eye of the student of affairs the lines of the hand of democracy are practically accompanied by legends which explain their meaning and reason for existence. The lines that are without significance to the layman are branded in letters of the metal similar to that which constitutes the democratic face, that the expert may read them as distinctly as shop-signs. He thus discovers such words as 'grab,' 'graft,' 'corruption,' 'spoils,' 'robbery,' 'bribery,' 'fraud,' and 'peanut.' These words practically constitute the bright lexicon of the democracy. It is certainly a limited vocabulary, and yet one that is capable of many verbal twists. When it is remembered that all music is but a series of combinations of eight notes it will readily be seen what sleight-of-democratic-hand tricks can be executed with these eight words. There is moral contamination in the touch of this rancid flipper. The old reliable republican hand knows what the democratic hand is doing, which means that we should not take seriously the outcry of the pessimists that the peanut party may ever be on top. At the political top there will never be any room for this howling mob."

Worth More Than Gold.

A hundred pounds of ambergris has been seized at Seattle as stolen property. The appraised value is \$30 an ounce, or \$48,000 for the hundred pounds. A hundred pounds of pure gold would not be worth as much by \$16,000. And were a hundred pounds of gold to be stolen at Seattle a great stir would be made about it.

Ambergris is scarcer than gold. It is more of an uncertain quantity. It is harder to find and harder to transport. It is found floating in lumps in the ocean, and occasionally in the intestines of the sperm whale. There are, however, few sperm whales available, and the lumps of ambergris have been growing scarcer as the whales have decreased in number.

The price has advanced, but ambergris always sold well. A piece weighing 130 pounds found inside a whale killed near the Windward islands forty years ago sold for \$2,500 on the spot, and for much more when it reached market. The Dutch East India company paid the king of Tidore a fortune for a lump of ambergris weighing 182 pounds.

Forty or fifty years ago, when ambergris was worth \$5 an ounce, it was as much a center of thieving, intrigues and plans as diamonds. In hundreds of cases sailors in the Caribbean sea and in Bahama waters became involved in serious trouble through attempts to steal lumps of ambergris.

In the old time it was made the subject of sea fights, and now that it is worth six times as much as it was forty years ago men plot to steal it as they would plan to rob a bank. Ad-

venturers watch for vessels carrying 100 or 200 or 500 pounds of ambergris as train robbers watch for trains carrying gold east or west.

Little wonder is it, then, that the Puget Sound country is as much disturbed over the stealing of 100 pounds of ambergris as it would be over the stealing of a cargo of gold from the Klondike. Ambergris in this day is worth more than its weight in gold.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Lonely Isle.

Among the host of British colonies which go to make up the empire on which it is said "the sun never sets" there is one, the tiniest of the lot, which is rarely heard of, says the London Express. It is the island of Tristan d'Acunha, and is inhabited by less than eighty persons. A book just issued in London, containing "further correspondence relating to the island of Tristan d'Acunha," gives some information of this diminutive colony. In January Tristan d'Acunha was visited by H. M. S. Thrush, and Lieutenant Watts-Jones and Surgeon Lobb, of that vessel, drew up a report on the island, which was forwarded by the admiralty to the colonial office, to be laid before the secretary of state. The population, says this report, now consists of seventy-six persons, divided into seventeen families or households. All but four of the inhabitants were born on the island, two of the exceptions being Italians, who are described as being probably the best educated persons there. There have been no marriages in the island for three

years. The islanders, though sun-burned, are described as being practically "white." The men are hardy, but not of fine physique; "the women are decidedly finer specimens than the men; their features are regular, pleasing and of somewhat Semitic type. The children are clean, fat, healthy and well cared for and surprisingly well clad."

There is no definite sign of mental or physical deterioration arising specifically from the system of intermarriage. The people generally, say the officers, were very anxious about the education of their children, and the difficulties attending this seemed largely responsible for the views they expressed on the subject of leaving the island. Their staple food is potatoes, milk, beef, mutton and poultry produce, and of these there is an ample supply, but for anything beyond the inhabitants are entirely dependent on passing ships. Rats, which prevent the growing of any grain, are the curse of the island. Fish are plentiful, but the islanders are chiefly a farming community.

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